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mutual relations of the different fine arts, as music, poetry, oratory, painting, sculpture, architecture; and of the applied arts, as landscape gardening, mechanical and topographical drawing, the ornamentation of carpets, wall paper, furniture, machinery, dress, and everything that can receive life, grace, and beauty from the hand of art.

From a lack of thorough instruction in preparatory schools, elementary instruction will have to be given in the practical use of the pencil and the brush; also in the application of mathematics to drawing, in isometrical and linear perspective, and in architectural, mechanical, and topographical drawing.

To the general scholar, to the man of culture, the study of the great intellectual forces that have moulded the civilization of the world, is one of the greatest interest and importance. With such, the historical study of the development, the rise, perfection, and decadence of the fine arts in the different nations and ages of the world, opens the mind to the most glorious as well as the most sad epochs of human greatness and weakness. Without a knowledge of this element in human history, much of history must be blank; more must be enigmatical, and all is incomplete. Egypt without her temples, tombs, and pyramids; Athens without the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, the Propyleum, the temples of Theseus and Jupiter; Rome without the Capitol, the Coliseum, the baths, the temples, and the tombs; Pompeii without its statuary and paintings; Constantinople without the Santa Sophia, the cisterns, the hippodrome, and the mosques; Florence without its cathedral, city-hall, churches, statuary, paintings, and palaces; Cologne without its cathedral and Romanesque churches; Venice without its St. Mark's Church and tower, ducal palace, library building, marble palaces, and brilliant paintings; in fact, any and all historic countries and cities, without their monuments of art, would be stripped of a great portion of the strange charm that draws to them travelers from all lands. We cry out against the destruction of works of art by the Vandals. How much less would the immeasurably greater portion of the men of learning in America know of the works of ancient art, the spirit that gave them birth, the circumstances of their creation, and their influence upon the art of succeeding ages, had the Vandals destroyed every work of classical architecture, sculpture, and painting, than they do now?

A distinguished member of the New York bar, a graduate of a college in New England that claims to be the best in America, while in Italy lately, declared that he had never heard of Leonardo da Vinci, and by the way he talked it was demonstrated that he certainly never had, though his German and Italian companions could hardly believe their ears. The death of Cornelius, the patriarch of modern painting, fell this year like a cloud of darkness upon cultivated circles in Europe. In America nobody seemed to know there had ever lived such a man as Cornelius. Unless the history of fine arts and their relation to the general history of civilization is taught in our colleges, this deficiency in the education of the cultivated classes will continue; educated Americans abroad will continue to appear ignorant of the first elements of culture; one great branch of the stream of civilization will flow away from us; our knowledge

of historical and contemporary art will continue to be borrowed; and one-third of our knowledge of history will be a blank, or a mixture of crude and detached data.

For the study of the history of the fine arts and their relation to the general history of civilization, text-books for class recitation are needed. Of such we have no trustworthy ones in this country. Till these are given, instruction must be given by lectures from the professor. These should be extended through about half of the last year of collegiate instruction. More, the other branches of study would not admit. As much time as this is given to astronomy, for example, or many other studies not more important for the development of the mind, and its furnishing with useful information, than the subject of which we are treating.

These lectures on the history of art should be supplemented by museums of archaeology and art history. Such museums are attached to many universities of the old country. The great royal museum of Berlin is now used as an appendage to the university for the illustration of the lectures of the professors upon the history of the fine arts. It is possible to procure a very acceptable museum to illustrate the characteristic periods of architecture, sculpture, and painting among all people and of all ages, at a moderate outlay, at much less than is appropriated to the gathering of cabinets of mineralogy, geology, or zoology, or in the apparatus to illustrate physics and chemistry. The laws that govern the crystallization of formless matter, that have governed the developments of animal and vegetable life in the geologic and present periods of the history of the earth, are extremely interesting, and justly require illustration by extensive cabinets and apparatus. Are the laws that have attended the development of humanity in history, are the finest workings of the human spirit, the noblest productions of human genius, of less interest? And is money misappropriated in gathering museums to illustrate these laws, to reproduce these works of genius, so that they may be enjoyed again hundreds and thousands of years after their authors have gone to their last sleep?

A well selected museum of archaeology and art history would have as its foundation casts in plaster of Paris of the chief works of sculpture, and of the chief architectural ornaments of the different ages of sculpture and architecture. It is impossible now to get good original works of any historic artist of past periods. Copies in plaster are perfect reproductions. They have none of the defacing and discoloring of the weather-worn originals, and thus for the purpose of study are better than the originals. They cost far less and are far more true than copies in marble. At the outset, a few copies in plaster can be obtained. These can be supplemented by photographs of others. These photographs reproduce all the effects of the original from a single point of view. Of many fine works of sculpture no casts have been taken, and we must as yet be content with photographs of them. Most works of architecture must be examined by means of photographs and engravings. The only other or better method is by the use of cork models of buildings, and these are expensive. The study of the history of painting offers more difficulties. Painted copies are expensive and are usually poor. Photographs and engravings give the outline, the

drawing, the shading, and the composition, but they lack color, a vital element in painting. Still it is better beyond comparison to have the advantage to be gained from photographs and engravings than to know nothing of the history of painting.

Thus, by the addition of the theoretical, and historical study of the fine arts, by a placing esthetics and the fine arts on a level with philosophy and science, and with theology and morals, by the symmetrical development of the trinity in our spiritual nature—the good, the true, and the beautiful—we will have a system of education that will develop a symmetry and perfection of culture and civilization that has been attained in no past age.

SIGHT-SEEING IN GERMANY.

There are few towns on the Continent where the Cockney rage for sight-seeing can be so advantageously gratified as in Dresden. The picture galleries are instructive—the wonderful collection of jewels, precious stones, gold and silver ornaments of much, very much "virtue" or "vertu," whichever you please, in the Green vaults are historically interesting as well as intrinsically valuable; the armory affords an opportunity of learning the art of warfare in one lesson; the China vaults show you the shapes and sizes of all the plates and dishes in the world; the specimens of ancient sculpture enable you to pass a few minutes with the old heathens in private life; the churches are good, and music is cultivated to perfection. What more can the most ravenous fanatics require? It is a month ago since I passed a few days in Dresden with some friends who were on a *voyage de lune*, but who, nevertheless, went through as much exertion in the pursuit of pleasure as would entitle them to a ticket-of-leave should they have required one before the intended term of exile from their native country had expired. We set to sight-seeing directly we met, and, during the time we were together, never ceased from the hard labor. They ran through the picture galleries while I contented myself with studying the contents of one of the rooms, and Raphael's "Madonna di san Siste." Seeing hundreds of pictures in a hurry is as confusing, in my opinion, as listening to as many melodies at the same time. You get bewildered and are quite unable to appreciate the respective beauties of the different works. Carlo Dolce's "St. Cecilia," Annibal Caracci's "Fame," and Correggio's "Night," afforded me quite enough matter for reflection during the short time I had to devote to pictures. The theatre was a most agreeable change of entertainment in the evening, or rather from 6.30 to 9, which is hardly evening according to English notions as far as theatres are concerned. We heard the *Czar und Zimmermann*, by Lortzing; an opera that is almost unknown out of Germany, but which is most popular in its native land. Madame Janner Krall, the *prima donna*, sang and acted charmingly. Herr Schild, a German Gardoni, surprised me with his exquisite tenor voice and pure style of vocalization. The other singers were nothing remarkable. The opera was, as a matter of course, in a Hof Theater, well put upon the stage, and the band and chorus were first rate. At the same theatre the next evening I heard a Fraulein Weber, a second Jetty Treftz, sing in an extravaganza called *Flich eind Flock*,

most delightfully. She introduced Balfe's "Rapture dwelling," from the old *Maid of Artois*, with immense effect. It was quite a sensation to hear the well-known melody so unexpectedly. In the same piece a certain Herr Bartsch, a dancer, took one's breath away by the wonders he performed. He is the most extraordinary *ballerino* I ever saw, and is more like a grasshopper than anything else. He would make the fortune of any London theatre. But the Dresden dancers, singers, and actors are too well paid and too happy in their own particular sphere to become wandering stars.

We had some difficulty in getting to see the State apartments of the Royal residence. The housekeeper, bettmeister, intendant, or whatever he is called, was busy superintending the firewood which was being hoisted into the top story of the building. At length he came, and for a fee of sixpence each we were admitted to the Palace. There was not much to see. A long ball-room undergoing repairs; the throne-room, the walls of which are decorated by Bendemann's frescoes, a series of scenes painted on gold grounds representing the various conditions of life, its occupations and labors from the cradle to the grave. They form a frieze round the room. At the lower end are figures of lawgivers, from Moses downwards, heroes and great men. These paintings are superior to most modern frescoes. In some instances the coloring is very fine, the drawing always vigorous and correct. The ball room is similarly ornamented, the subjects of the paintings being taken from the mythology and every-day life of the ancient Greeks. We were shown the apartments inhabited by the Empress of Austria two years since, on the occasion of a short visit made to the Saxon Court. Considering the reputation of Dresden china, it was rather ominous to observe that the "hardware" in this suit bears the trade mark and name of Daniell, London. The corridors and passages were in great confusion, full of furniture turned out of the private rooms. The King had arrived the day before quite unexpectedly, when the Palace was being put in order for the winter season. The Royal domestics had apparently been surprised in the middle of a cleaning-up. We were requested to keep very quiet in one of the large rooms, also full of chairs, tables, looking-glasses topsy-turvy, for *Der König* was at breakfast in the adjoining apartment, and might overhear us. The exterior walls of the Palace require more doing and "cleaning up" than the inside. I never saw such dilapidation. In some places the plaster was pulled off, leaving large unsightly patches of dirty yellow. The stone work is greatly discolored. The court-yard, in which the Green vaults are situated, is especially unsightly, from being so much out of repair. The four corner towers, in which are the staircases with their slanting windows, don't correspond in character with the rest of the building. They are apparently of an older date, and certainly of a more antique order of architecture than the side walls which they connect.

Even as the spirit of Charlemagne pervades Cologne, and that of Frederick the Great, Berlin, so is that of Augustus II., or the Strong, present in all you are shown in Dresden. It meets you at every turn. Whose picture is that in the throne-room? Augustus the Strong. Who founded the gallery of pictures? Augustus the Strong.

Who wore that heavy helmet kept in the armory? Augustus the Strong. Who snapped the horse shoe in two? Augustus the Strong; but I don't believe he or "any other man" did it, notwithstanding all that may be said. However strong in life, he's stronger still in death, for no sovereign ever had such a reputation for superhuman power, physical and moral, as that which this benefactor of his country now enjoys. We parted with him for a time when we went into the Frauen Kirche, or Church of Our Lady, in the New Market. It is an edifice in the Italian style, built entirely of stone, and is of such solid construction that the bombs directed against it by Frederick the Great in 1760 rebounded like so many india-rubber balls from the surface of the dome without doing any injury. The inside is fitted up just like a theatre, with private boxes and stalls. It will hold 5,000 people. On *Sylvester Abend* it is customary for each of the congregation to bring a small taper. The candles at a given signal are lighted simultaneously, and the effect of this sudden illumination of the church from the floor to the roof is said to be something beyond description. I should say it was, and as good as a transformation scene at Covent Garden.

On returning to the Hotel de Saxe, we found a concert was to be given that evening in the large room by Mdle. Mary Krebs. You all know that flaxen-haired young lady, who wears two long reins down her back and such short white dresses. You have seen her scores of times in London, where she has made her appearance at the different concerts, coming on the platform and dropping a rather awkward curtsy, and then sitting down to the pianoforte to astonish you with her extraordinary *fertig keil*. She is *Mary* now, but was *Marie* when I last saw her; at any rate she is always the same capital pianoforte player; and although she has not improved in the act of curtsying, there is evident progress in her musical knowledge and ability. We instructed the *valet de place* to get us good places, and when the time arrived went from our sitting-room into the concert-room. The hotel was besieged by crowds coming to listen to K. S. Kammer-virtuosin Krebs. We had to struggle through the throng; and, although under the same roof, had as much trouble, and were as long in getting our places, as though we had been miles away. By patience and perseverance we reached the orchestra, on which were the places that had been taken for us. The concert began, not propitiously. Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, for pianoforte and violin, was played by the heroine of the evening and Concert-meister Schubert so slovenly, and therefore so ineffectively, as to become positively tedious. Fancy Beethoven being tedious! It sounds impossible, but he was so on this occasion. Whether the Concert-meister or Mdle. Mary was to blame I cannot say. More likely the former, inasmuch that the lady must have heard the celebrated duet often performed by others, and have known the proper *tempi* of the different movements, how and when the most brilliant effects were to be produced; and it is but justice to her to observe that wherever she had an opportunity of "leading off," she always did so with greater spirit than it was possible to keep up in the *concertante* passages for a reason too obvious to mention.

If you would like to see the programme, I will give it you in *extenso*, and request you

to observe that, although apparently much shorter than those of similar entertainments in England, it is really not so; for each of the performers plays or sings two or three *morceaux* consecutively, by which arrangement the concert is of longer duration than you would expect:

1867.

Mittwoch, den 16., October, Abends 7 Uhr

IM SAAL DES HÔTEL DE SAXE

CONCERT

von

MARY KREBS

K. S. KAMMERVIRTUOSIN

unter gütiger Mitwirkung

der Königl. Hofopernsängerin Frau Kainz-Prause, des Königl. Hofopernsängers Herrn Schild und des Königl. ersten Concert-meisters Herrn F. Schubert.

PROGRAMM.

1. Sonate für Pianoforte und Violine, Op. 47 (Kreuzer Sonate), von Beethoven—Mary Krebs, Concertmeister Schubert.
2. Walzer-Arie aus "Romeo und Julie," von Gounod—Frau Kainz-Prause.
3. (a) Romanze, Op. 32
(b) Des Abends, Op. 12
(c) Novelette, Op. 21, Nr. 2, von Schumann—Mary Krebs.
4. Drei Lieder:
(a) Dein Angesicht, von Schumann
(b) Alinde, von Schubert
(c) Giebden Kuss mir nur heute, von Fr. v. Holstein—Herr Schild.
5. (a) Präludio con Fuga à la Tarentella, von S. Bach
(b) Perpetuum mobile, von C. M. v. Weber—Mary Krebs.
6. Rhapsodie hongroise, von Schubert—Concertmeister Schubert.
7. Duett aus "Jessonda," von Spohr—Frau Kainz-Prause, Herr Schild.
8. Don-Juan-Fantasie, von Franz Liszt—Mary Krebs.

Herr Chordirector Riccini hat die Pianoforte-Begleitung freundlichst übernommen.

Herr Schild sang like Gardoni, with as much expression, and as pleasingly to the fair sex. His voice is even more effective in the concert room than on the stage, where, if you remember, we heard him two evenings before in the *Czar und Zimmermann*. He might have chosen better songs; for, though the two first he sung were by Schumann and Schubert respectively, they were not good specimens of those celebrated song writers. As for No. 3, nothing need be said of it. The sympathetic voice and impassioned singing of Herr Schild made amends for the shortcomings of the compositions, which, with previous experience, proved that it is preferable to hear poor music, well performed, than the inspirations even of a Beethoven, badly interpreted.

The Romeo Valse was either too light for Madame Prause, or Madame Prause was too heavy for the Romeo Valse. They did not suit each other, but fell flat on the audience, for some reason. In No. 3. Mdle. Mary, being all alone, had her own way, and played the three *morceaux* she had chosen with a dash and brilliancy that were quite refreshing after what had gone before. A thousand thanks, Mdle. Mary, or Marie, for such a treat: you deserved all the applause you got,

and, if I had my way, you should have played the *novelette* over again in spite of the prejudice against encores.

The prelude and fugue I did not admire quite so much; the subject of the latter was not always very distinct, as the subject always should be for fugue playing to be perfect, and the performance suffered accordingly. The *moto perpetuo* was, however, excellent. Clear, delicate, and brilliant, the passages were executed by the young *virtuosin* with a rapidity that was surprising. There must have been some *mal entendu* between the pianoforte and violin in Beethoven's Op. 47, for, when they had their solos to play they both performed much better than in the duet. Concertmeister Schubert, in the Rhapsodie, came out with greater effect than I imagined he could make, from what we had heard of him before.

And the *Don Juan* Fantaisie as a *finale*—Why! oh why, Mary (or Marie), did you select such a cruel bit of torture as that for your fairy fingers and our unhappy ears? Are there no splendid *Concert Stücke* by Thalberg, Mendelssohn, and other more rational men than Liszt, that you must sit down for twenty minutes or half an hour and show us how the body and bones of poor *Don Juan* can be twisted and twined, cracked and put out of shape by a musical thing? You played it probably as well as it could be played, but it made us all uncomfortable to hear the long-loved melodies of Mozart so overloaded with *arpeggios* and intricate passages as to be hardly recognized in their disguise. Then they were run into each other, and so mixed up that Mozart himself would have had some difficulty in disentangling them. No—the Fantaisie was not a happy choice, and I should strongly advise Mlle. Mary Krebs to exclude it in future from her *répertoire*.

On the Saturday following Rubinstein was to give a concert in the same room. Unfortunately, we did not stay in Dresden long enough to attend it. He is looked upon as the Pianist of the Age in Germany, and all musical people rush to hear him whenever he appears. The tickets for his concert at the Hotel de Saxe were in great request; there were, indeed, none left unsold the day after the performance was first announced.

From Dresden to Berlin, a journey inaugurated by a very pretty quarrel between two natives, one a gentleman, the other a ruffianly first-class traveler, who wanted to smoke in the carriage in which we were. The latter had been rushing about the platform abusing the officials for not finding him a corner seat. He was a short, pugnacious-looking individual, and threatened the stalwart guards with all sorts of punishment short of bodily chastisement if they did not satisfy his demands. There was no corner seat, and, at last, he was obliged to put up with a middle one in our carriage. "I give you all notice," said he, on getting in, "that I am going to smoke here."

"No, you are not," sir," replied the occupant of the next seat; "there are ladies in this carriage, and I shall not allow you to do so without their consent." This in German. "Ladies," continued the speaker in very good English, "do you object to smoking, or do you not?"

I explained for my friends that smoking was very disagreeable to them, and suggested that the last comer should try and find a place in the *Rauch Coupé*.

Then the row begun. The would-be

smoker accused his fellow-countryman of meanness and hypocrisy—he did not know the laws of the land. Smoking could be carried on anywhere, and smoke he should. "No, you shall not while we are in this carriage," said I, quietly. He took no notice of my remark, but continued addressing his first opponent. He had the talk to himself for some time. At last the gentlemanly German spoke a few words to the ladies, apologizing for the disturbance. The angry passenger burst out into English, too. But what an effort it was!

"You speak de English," he screamed, "you no can. You all vun Homburg." I suppose he had somewhere or other heard the word humbug used, and thus applied it. After this ebullition he became silent. We left him at the next station, and, certainly, while he was with us he did not smoke.

In Berlin, the Hotel du Nord, which is in the most charming promenade in Europe, Unter den Linden, we were amazed at first sight at the extent and regularity of architecture at Berlin, broad streets, splendid houses, constitute a finer city than any we had yet seen in Germany. And then the living was so wonderfully cheap. For 12s. or 14s. a day—I forget which now—we had a suit of apartments fit for a princely family to dwell in.

The *table d'hôte* with a bill of fare unequalled for the quantity of the "plats" and variety of the *entremets*, cost only 2s. a head. And this in no out-of-the-way hostelry, but at the first hotel in the city. If strangers are charged so little, the inhabitants must live more economically here than could be dreamt of in London and Paris. Decidedly Berlin has its advantages.

As soon as we had settled down at the Hotel du Nord, our first inquiry was for a *valet de place*. A long, lanky Russian, who spoke English well enough to make himself quite unintelligible, presented himself, and volunteered to take us round the principal buildings whenever we were prepared to start.

WALTER MAYNARD.

DESTRUCTION OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE BY FIRE.

The total destruction of this splendid building has excited general interest, for its history is the history of the lyric art for nearly two centuries. All the great opera-singers of the world have appeared upon its stage, and all the great lyric works of the Masters of the Arts have been there represented. The following sketch of its eventful career will be read with interest:

"The first theatre built on this spot was erected by Sir John Vanbrugh. It was raised by thirty persons of rank, principally of the Whig party, if we may judge by their inscribing the first stone with the words 'Little Whig,' in compliment to Lady Sutherland, a celebrated beauty of the day. The money subscribed was £100 each, and the theatre opened April 9, 1705, with an Italian opera, which was far from being successful. In the year 1720 a sum of £50,000 was raised by subscription to support the Italian opera. On June 17, 1789, the theatre was burned down, and, in consequence of this accident, the opera was transferred first to the 'little theatre' in the Haymarket, and subsequently to the Pantheon, in Oxford street, which was licensed by the Lord

Chamberlain. During this interval, Mr. Taylor, the proprietor of the old opera-house, exerted himself so successfully that the foundation of the new erection was laid by the Duke of Buckingham, and in less than a year the house was completed. The season of 1791 at the Pantheon was very unsuccessful to the manager, Mr. O'Reilly, who thereby incurred debts to the amount of thirty thousand pounds. On the new opera house being completed, a general opera establishment was formed, and the direction reposed in five noblemen, on whose refusal to act the management should devolve on Taylor, and the debts of the Pantheon season were transferred to the new concern. The then Lord Chamberlain refused to grant the license, but the Pantheon being destroyed by fire the following season, the King's Theatre was licensed, and the regular business of the opera commenced. The entire management soon fell into Mr. Taylor's hands, and thus continued till 1803, in which, and in 1804, he sold to one Mr. Goold shares in the opera to the amount of £17,500, being seven-sixteenths, whilst Taylor mortgaged the remaining nine-sixteenths to Goold for £5,700. The ground on which the King's Theatre stood was held on lease from the Crown, the audience and stage part being on two distinct leases, the former at £1,260 and the latter at £300 per annum. These leases extended to the year 1891. Goold conducted the management till his death in 1807. Catalini was the great attraction of his management, and the sum as salary received by her in the season of 1807 was £5,000, and her total profits, with concerts, etc., was £16,700. On Goold's death the management devolved on Taylor, who soon became involved in a chancery suit with Mr. Waters, Goold's executor. No change, however, took place till 1813, when the house was for some time closed by order of the Lord Chancellor. In 1814 it was reopened under the management of Mr. Waters, who purchased it under decree for £35,000. In the meantime Taylor was a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench. In 1816 the theatre was again put up for sale, and the whole concern was purchased by Mr. Waters for £70,150, who, to raise the money, mortgaged the opera house and other property to Mr. Chambers, the banker. The year 1817 was a brilliant one, for the company included Madame Fodor and Madame Pasta, with Crevelli, Breggher, Naldi, Ambrogetti, etc., and "Don Giovanni" was first made known to an English audience. In 1818 the concern relapsed into its former state, and August 15, 1820, an opera and ballet having been announced for representation, the company on arriving at the doors of the house were unable to obtain admission, for Mr. Waters had withdrawn to Calais, and the theatre was closed. The opera house now passed into the hands of Mr. Ebers, who volunteered as manager, and in the first season he so greatly improved the ballet that the salaries of dancers alone amounted to £10,000. At the conclusion of the season of 1823, the theatre was let to Mr. Benelli; and Mr. Ebers afterwards resumed the management, which he retained till the close of 1827. In 1828 the theatre was let to Mr. Laport and Mr. Laurent, at the rent of £8,000, and this was a season of great success, in consequence of the combined attractions of Sontag and Pasta. In the course of the seven years that Mr. Ebers held the opera house he lost, however,